DARK HORSE COMICS
THE YOUNG
#2
$2.50 U.S.
$3.00 CAN
INDIANA JONES
CHRONICLES
BY DAN BARRY

THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES™

MEXICO
MARCH 1916

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Letters by **Gail Beckett**
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Edited by **Barbara Kesel**

Adapted from the screenplay by Jonathan Hales

Story by George Lucas

This is a work of fiction. While young Indiana Jones is portrayed as taking part in historical events and meeting real figures from history, many of the characters in the book as well as the situations and scenes described are inventions of the author's imagination. In addition, where real historical figures and events are described, the author has, in some cases, altered the chronology and historical facts for dramatic effect.

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NO - O - O ! IT'S PIERRE! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME! JUST LIKE HE KILLED RASHID!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
WH...?! MR. LAWRENCE! TELL HIM—I DIDN'T KILL RASHID!
NO? THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS —FOR THE NEWSPAPERS!
A MAN MUST LIVE! THEY PAY WELL FOR THIS SORT OF STORY!
THERE WAS MAGNESIUM POWDER ON RASHID'S BODY. YOUR FLASH POWDER, PIERRE...
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE IN CAMP WHO USES...
NED! LOOK WHAT I FOUND. ISN'T IT A DYNAMITE PLUNGER?
DEMETRIOS!
THE HAMPLE FITS HIS DETONATOR, ALL RIGHT.
MAGNESIUM POWDER!
HE'LL BE AT PORT SAID BY NOW, READY TO BOARD A SHIP.
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

WONDERFUL MEETING YOU, HENRY! YOU'RE A SPLENDID CHAP! I'LL WRITE! PROMISE — DON'T FORGET ME!
NED — DON'T GO! NED!

"DON'T FORGET ME," HE SAID. AS IF I EVER COULD!

HE WAS A HERO, EVEN THEN.
WELL, WHAT HAPPENED THEN...?

HUH... WHAT?
DID LAWRENCE CATCH THE KILLER?

WHEN HE GOT TO THE PIER, THE STEAMER WAS FIVE MINUTES GONE — AND DEMETRIOS WITH IT!
THE BAD GUY GOT AWAY?!
WHAT'D YOU DO?

ME? I WENT BACK TO CAIRO WITH MISS SEYMOUR, REJOINED MY PARENTS AND CONTINUED OUR TRIP!
WHAAT! IS THAT ALL THERE IS? WHAT ABOUT THE JACKAL?
C'MON, MISTER! TELL US THE REST — PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT — OKAY! BUT I HAVE TO GET HOME TO FEED HENRY. HE'S MY CAT. VERY FUSSY CAT — MAKES MY LIFE HELL SOMETIMES.
ANYWAY, EIGHT YEARS LATER, WHEN I WAS IN MEXICO...

WHAT HAS MEXICO GOT TO DO WITH IT?
Y-YOU, SIR.
DAMN RIGHT! SO SHUT UP AND LISTEN! NOW WHERE WAS I?
LISTEN, KID. WHO'S TELLING THIS STORY—YOU OR ME?
IN MEXICO.
I WAS VISITING COUSIN FRANK IN SANTA FE. I STILL HAD A WEEK TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL —SO WE HITCHED DOWN TO THE BORDER FOR SOME FUN—KNOW WHAT I MEAN?—WITH THE SENORITAS.
MEXICO? WHAT WAS I DOING IN MEXICO? OH, YES. IT WAS SPRING BREAK.
HOT SPOTS, YOU ASK?
LET'S SEE...SPPUTT*...THAR'S CABA CALIENTE...'N' OLD CHILLIES. I DUNNO ...MAYBE TOO HOT FOR YOU BOYS.
GEE, THANKS, SOLDIER!
WATCH OUT FOR OL' CHILLIES. YOU'RE LIABLE TO...
KRAK
HUHN...?
HEE-I-I-AAA!

THOOM
HEE-EE-AAA
HYA YAAAAYI
BLAM BLAM BAMKRAK
TEL
KRAK
BLAM KRAK BLAP
INDY! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
BANK
VAMANOS, MUCHACHOS!
VIVA VILLA!
VIVA MEXICO !!

NO! MY DRESSES! GIVE THEM BACK!
A WHOLE MONTH'S WORK! STOP HIM— SOMEBODY! PLEASE!
I'LL GET THEM FOR YOU, MA'AM!
WAP
THAT'S ONE!

THAT'S TWO-OO-OOOO...'
OOOOOF!
HAAA!
HAAA, GRINGO! WELCOME TO MEXICO!
MEXICO! THIS WASN'T HOW I'D PLANNED IT.
YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME GO! I'LL MISS SCHOOL!
OOOH ⁂SOB⁂ ...I HAVE A WIFE... CHILDREN. PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT ME!
DON'T SHOOT ME?!
JOSE! BRING THE PRISONERS!
OMIGOD!
LOAD!
HEY! IF I DON'T GET TO SCHOOL, MY FATHER WILL KILL ME!
AIM!
NO!

ENOUGH BLOODSHED! I'M SICK OF IT! WE ARE SOLDIERS, HEROES—NOT ASSASSINS!
PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS—OR SHOOT ME, TOO!
WHO'S THAT?
GENERAL FRANCISCO VILLA.
PANCHO VILLA?!
OUI!
TU AS DE LA CHANCE, MON VIEUX!
A FRENCHMAN—RIDING WITH VILLA?
HEY, MAN, HOW COME YOU CAN RAP IN ALL THOSE FOREIGN LANGUAGES? SPANISH, FRENCH 'N' ALL...
SOMETHING MR. LAWRENCE HAD TOLD ME, OUT THERE ON THE DESERT...
WHEREVER YOU GO, HENRY, LEARN THE LANGUAGE! IT'S THE KEY THAT UNLOCKS EVERYTHING!
HE WAS RIGHT. I'VE LEARNED QUITE A FEW. ANYHOW, THAT'S HOW I MET REMY. TURNED OUT HE WAS BELGIAN... MOST OF 'EM SPEAK FRENCH, YOU KNOW...
...WELL, NO SOONER DID THEY UNTIE ME THAN BAD NEWS ARRIVED!
MY GENERAL—THE YANKEE PERSHING IS CROSSING THE BORDER WITH AN ARMY!

VILLA WAS ON THE MOVE —AND I WAS TIED UP AGAIN.
MIRA! A YANQUI PLANE!
SCATTER! GRENADES!
DARN! I'M GOING TO MISS SCHOOL— FOR SURE!
GENERAL PERSHING, VILLA'S COLUMN IS ABOUT 40 MILES TO THE SOUTH.
HE'LL CIRCLE EAST, HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAINS. MOVE OUT, GENTLEMEN—
— I'M GOING TO TEACH VILLA WHAT IT MEANS TO INVADE THE UNITED STATES. I'M GOING TO WALK THE SONOFA...!
CAREFUL WITH THAT! YOU WANT TO BLOW YOURSELVES UP, DO IT SOMEWHERE ELSE!

IMSH! IMSH!
IMSH!?
IMSH! IS ARABIC FOR HURRY UP— QUICK!
WERE YOU EVER IN EGYPT?
NO— MIND YOUR BUSINESS! GET ON WITH IT!
THIS IS FOR THE DYNAMITE —THIS FOR THREE MACHINE GUNS. WE'LL PICK THEM UP IN THE MORNING!
NOW WHAT ABOUT THE ARTILLERY, MORTARS, HEAVY GUNS?
THAT'S BIG MONEY, GENERAL VILLA! I'D SAY 10,000...
A DOWN PAYMENT THE REST WHEN YOU [redacted]
YOU'LL GET [redacted] WEEKS!
TWO WEEKS!
WHERE ARE WE GOING TO FIND SUCH A HUGE AMOUNT OF MONEY?
IN CIUDAD GUERRERO. THE FEDERALES JUST SHIPPED IN A PAYROLL— FIFTY THOUSAND PESOS IN GOLD!
BUT GENERAL— THE CITY IS A FORTRESS! THICK WALLS— MANY SOLDIERS! NOTHING CAN GET IN THERE!
AH YES, MY DEAR CARDENAS, THE RAILROAD CAN!
REMY, WHAT'S A BELGIAN DOING RIDING WITH GENERAL VILLA?
I WAS A SAILOR JUMPED SHIP WHEN I MET LUPE. AHH, LUPE I ADORED HER.
THE FEDERALISTAS DESTROYED MY CANTINA, KILLED MY LUPE.
ET VOILA! I JOINED THE REVOLUTION!
FOR REVENGE?
NO... FOR [redacted]

WHAT OTHER THINGS?
OUR CHILDREN STARVE. PRESIDENT CARRANZA... THE RICH — THEY HAVE TAKEN EVERYTHING. SOLD HALF OUR COUNTRY TO YOU GRINGOS.
WE ARE SLAVES IN OUR OWN LAND. WHAT ELSE BUT TO FIGHT? FIGHT FOR JUSTICE!
WRONG!
THIS IS WHAT WE FIGHT FOR!
THE RIGHT TO OWN A PIECE OF IT, TO RAISE CROPS, FEED OUR CHILDREN! THIS IS OUR REVOLUTION—
A POOR HANDFUL OF DIRT.
NOW GO HOME, GRINGO—TO YOUR PAT, RICH LAND. GO HOME, BOY. I SET YOU FREE!
GENERAL! NO—
I WANT TO FIGHT FOR THE REVOLUTION
GIVE THIS KID A JOB!
THAT'S THE LAST ONE!
CLAW: SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GUY WAS BOTHERING ME.
HMM—A PRE-COLOMBIAN COLLECTION? AND... HEY! WHAT WAS THIS?

AHA! I KNEW THAT PHOTO, I HAD WATCHED PIERRE TAKE IT— IN EGYPT!
WHEN CARDENAS LEFT
ALL CLEAR, DEMETRIOS!
OKAY!
?!
I'VE FOUND HIM, LAWRENCE!
I'VE FOUND HIM —AT LAST!
HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE HAVE TO SIT HERE?
UNTIL ROBLES BRINGS NEWS OF THE TRAIN.
WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS TRAIN?
CANTINA
IT IS THE KEY TO CIUDAD GUERRERO.
ARE THEY CRAZY? THAT PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH FEDERALES! WE'LL GET OUR BUTTS SHOT OFF!
TEQUILA!

GOD BLESS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. AND DEATH TO ALL HER ENEMIES
INCLUDING THAT LOWDOWN GREASER, PANCHO VILLA!
BLAM BLAM
BLAP BLAM KRAK
THAT GUY'D NUTS!
GENERAL PERSHING'S ENCAMPMENT
GENTLEMEN, LIEUTENANT GEORGE PATTON. I'D SAY HE'S A COMER.
THANK YOU, SIR! I'VE REASON TO BELIEVE VILLA IS NOT HEADING FOR THE MOUNTAINS
I AGREE, GEORGE. IN FACT, I HEAR HE'S PLANNING TO ATTACK CIUDAD GUERRERO.

REMEMBER, BELGIAN—DON'T LIGHT THE FUSE UNTIL YOU'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE WALL!
BUT GENERAL VILLA, THE TRACK DOES NOT GO NEAR ENOUGH...
I GREW UP HERE! THERE IS A SPUR LINE THAT RUNS RIGHT INTO THE WALL.
I WILL SWITCH THE TRACKS AND SEND THE TRAIN CRASHING INTO IT!
ONCE WE'RE THROUGH THAT WALL, THE CITY WILL BE OURS! HURRY!
WHEN I UNCOUPLE THIS FLATCAR, STAY CLEAR, INDIANA!
WHAT IF JOSE CAN'T SWITCH THE TRACKS?
THEN WE ALL DIE!
SOUND THE ALERT! EXPLOSIVES!

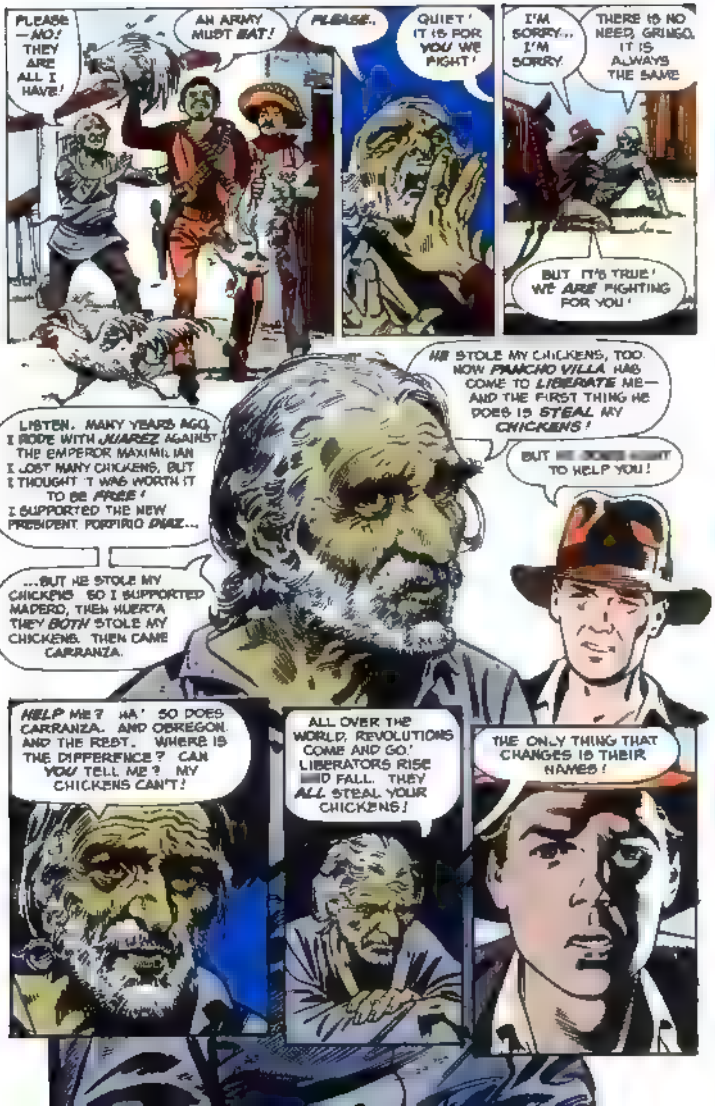
KBLAP
BLAP
BLAP
WUMP
KRAK
VIVA....VILLA.
VIVA
MEXICO
INDY!! JOSE'S BEEN HIT! HE'S HIT!
INDY! RACE AHEAD! THROW THE SWITCH!!
GO!!
GO!!

OMIGOD! THE TRAIN'S ALMOST HERE! I'M TOO LATE...THEY'VE UNCOUPLED THE FLATCAR...AND I'M TOO LATE!
THOOM
VIVA VILLA!

THE MONEY STOREHOUSE, MY GENERAL!
BLOW IT OPEN!
KA-VOOM
?
KA-VOOM
A TERRIBLE THOUGHT WAS DAWNING ON ME. I MIGHT HAVE TO KILL SOMEBODY. COULD I?
BLAM
I-I'M SORRY, SIR. I DIDN'T MEAN TO...
WAP

KRAK
COME ON, INDIANA.
NO TIME TO REST!
MY GENERAL! YANQUIS! THEY ARE ENTERING THE TOWN
THAT DAMNED PERSHING!
MOUNT UP! RIDE!!
LEAVE THE MONEY.
THERE IS NO TIME!
PANCHO BROKE THROUGH PERSHING'S CLOSING PINCERS
WE HEADED OUT ACROSS THE CHIHUAHUA DESERT...
...UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS. WITH PERSHING IN CLOSE PURSUIT

JOSE'D BEEN HIT IN THE CHEST. IT LOOKED BAD..
HOLD TIGHT, AMIGO. YOU'LL BE OKAY...
I HATE THOSE BARBARIANS OF THE NORTH.
CARRANZA MAKES DEALS WITH WOODROW WILSON! MEXICO WILL BECOME A U.S. PROTECTORATE! I'M GOING TO HIT THOSE FILTHY GRINGOS WHERE IT HURTS!
TOMORROW, WE HIT THE HACIENDA OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST!
BUT, MY GENERAL! THAT WILL LEAD TO ALL-OUT WAR!
OF COURSE! AND PRESIDENT CARRANZA WILL BE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE.
MY [illegible]! YANKEES COMING.
I'LL SAY THIS: PERSHING WOULD BECOME THE HERO OF WORLD WAR I BUT TO HIS EVERLASTING CHAGRIN...
...HE NEVER DID CATCH PANCHO VILLA
THEY'RE GONE, JOSE ...JOSE?

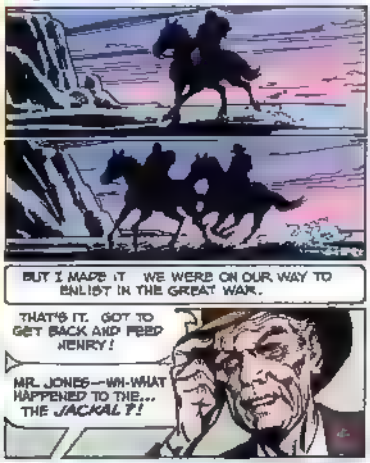

PLEASE—NO! THEY ARE ALL I HAVE!
AN ARMY MUST EAT!
PLEASE..
QUIET! IT IS FOR YOU WE FIGHT!
I'M SORRY... I'M SORRY.
THERE IS NO NEED, GRINGO. IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME.
BUT IT'S TRUE! WE ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU!
HE STOLE MY CHICKENS, TOO. NOW PANCHO VILLA HAS COME TO LIBERATE ME— AND THE FIRST THING HE DOES IS STEAL MY CHICKENS!
BUT [illegible] TO HELP YOU!
LISTEN. MANY YEARS AGO, I RODE WITH JUAREZ AGAINST THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. I LOST MANY CHICKENS, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS WORTH IT TO BE FREE!
I SUPPORTED THE NEW PRESIDENT, PORFIRIO DIAZ...
...BUT HE STOLE MY CHICKENS! SO I SUPPORTED MADERO, THEN HUERTA. THEY BOTH STOLE MY CHICKENS. THEN CAME CARRANZA.
HELP ME? HA! SO DOES CARRANZA. AND OBREGON. AND THE REST. WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE? CAN YOU TELL ME? MY CHICKENS CAN'T!
ALL OVER THE WORLD, REVOLUTIONS COME AND GO. LIBERATORS RISE [illegible]D FALL. THEY ALL STEAL YOUR CHICKENS!
THE ONLY THING THAT CHANGES IS THEIR NAMES!

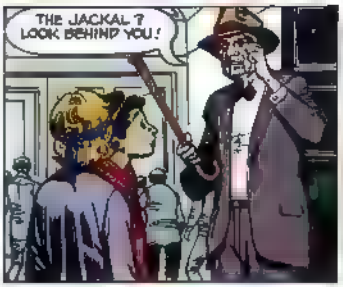
VILLA WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.
HE TOOK BABICORA, HEARST'S FABULOUS HACIENDA,
AND LET HIS PISTOLEROS RUN WILD. IT WASN'T PRETTY
WHAT IS IT, INDIANA? ARE YOU ILL?
NOT EXACTLY! I... JUST DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS MY REVOLUTION!
fall in battle
my last
thought shall
THE HACIENDA HAD EVERYTHING ,EVEN A PRIVATE MOVIE HOUSE..
AH :'(SIGH :'(POBRECITA... SO SAD!
COMPLETE W.TH NEWSREELS.

In France, German armies smash down on Verdun.
"GERMAN HORDES STILL HOLD TWO-THIRDS OF BELGIUM.."
—MON DIEU!
U.S. troops sweep into Mexico. General Pershing has Villa on the run.
PERSHING! DIE!
REMY! DOWN!
"THAT NIGHT, I REREAD A LETTER FROM NED."
"I MUST TAKE SOME PART IN THIS WAR. IT MUST BE FOUGHT. ABOVE ALL, IT MUST BE WON!"
"...THE ALTERNATIVE IS UNTHINKABLE."
INDIANA, I HAVE COME TO SAY GOOD-BYE!
GOOD-BYE?
AFTER THE NEWSREEL, HOW CAN I STAY? IF I DIE, IT WILL BE TO DEFEND MY OWN COUNTRY.
LET ME COME WITH YOU, REMY!
ARE YOU MAD? IT IS NOT YOUR WAR!
MAYBE IT IS. ALL I KNOW IS, IT MUST BE FOUGHT...
...AND, ABOVE ALL, IT MUST BE WON! THE ALTERNATIVE IS UNTHINKABLE!

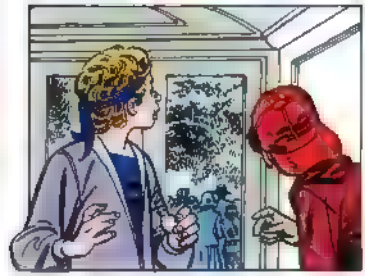
I LEAVE AT FIRST LIGHT BE READY TO RIDE
ONE THING I MUST DO FIRST.
IF YOU'RE NOT HERE AT DAWN, I LEAVE WITHOUT YOU.
AS YOU CAN GUESS, THERE WAS SOMETHING I HAD TO FIND.
I HAD A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHERE IT WOULD BE. IN CLAW'S CUPBOARD.
SURE ENOUGH! RIGHT BEHIND HIS MONEY BAGS!
WOW — EXACTLY AS NED DREW IT! ONLY THE RUBIES... THE EYES OF FIRE — ARE GONE!
CRUNCH
REMEMBER ME, DEMETRIOS?
I'M A FRIEND OF RASHID — THE MAN YOU KILLED!

GIVE ME THAT TRINKET, YOU YOUNG PUNK!
TRINKET?!
KRAK
YOU KNOW BETTER, YOU CROOK!
IT'S AN IMPORTANT ARTIFACT, AND BELONGS...
...TO ME!
A-HAAA!
GIVE IT HERE...
...OR I'LL CUT YOUR BLOODY HAND OFF!
NO-O!!
...IT BELONGS IN A MUSEUM!


I NEARLY MISSED MEETING JP WITH REMY
BUT I MADE IT. WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO ENLIST IN THE GREAT WAR.
THAT'S IT. GOT TO GET BACK AND FEED HENRY!
MR. JONES—WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO THE... THE JACKAL?!


THE JACKAL? LOOK BEHIND YOU!

GIFT OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IN HONOR OF Professor Henry Jones, Jr.



WOW !!!

FINIS

WHO ARE THOSE GUYS?

By KURT BUSIEK

Hello again. Finished the story? Good. Let's recap: Last issue young Indy met T.E. Lawrence and Howard Carter, and we told you something about who they were and why they were important to history. This issue, young Indy's adventures continue to supply us with notable historical figures — specifically Pancho Villa, John J. Pershing and George S. Patton. Let's get started, shall we?

* * * * *

To understand Pancho Villa, you need to know a little about Mexico. In 1877, when Doroteo Arango — who would become Villa — was born in the province of Durango, it was a bad time for most of the people of Mexico. The regime of Porfirio Diaz, the brutal and corrupt dictator who would rule the country for more than three decades, had begun. And peons like Arango lived in virtual slavery. Mexico's land was divided up into *haciendas* — huge estates made of land swindled from the Mexican people by greedy speculators and dishonest officials — and those who worked the land for the wealthy owners had no rights whatsoever. Peons weren't paid in cash but in "scrip," worthless everywhere but at the hacienda's store, where the peons had to buy at whatever prices the owners set, guaranteeing that they would always be in debt. Peons could not leave the hacienda without paying off their debt, which was impossible — and their children were bound by their parents' debt, so this harsh injustice continued from generation to generation.

When Doroteo Arango was a young man, the hacienda owner soon raped his sister. Arango killed him to avenge her, and then fled, becoming an outlaw and adopting the name Francisco "Pancho" Villa. Villa became a romantic figure, hailed as a Mexican Robin Hood, robbing from the rich and giving to the poor. But his temper and cruelty made him as feared as he was admired. Still, his fight against the Diaz regime made him a rallying point in a country burning for revolution.

The revolution broke out in 1910, after the presidential election. Before that year, elections meant little, since anyone who seriously opposed Diaz could count on being brutalized, jailed or killed. But Diaz had announced that he was stepping down, spurring Francisco Madero to run for president on a platform of social reform. Then Diaz changed his mind and ran, in an election so full of fraud and intimidation that the final tally counted only 196 votes for Madero in all of Mexico. Madero fled to the United States and began planning an armed rebellion. Madero himself was unable to accomplish much, but Villa and other bandit chieftains, such as Pascual Orozco and Emiliano Zapata, spurred on by Madero's friends and their own rage against Diaz, began the rebellion in earnest.

Villa and the other revolutionaries found the battle easier than they expected. Diaz's army had been riddled with corruption for so long that its soldiers were poorly trained, poorly equipped and led by officers whose main concern had been how much money they could squeeze out of the budget for themselves. Many soldiers deserted rather than face the rebels, and those soldiers who remained had undependable weapons. By the end of May 1911, Diaz had been forced to resign and flee the country.

But though revolutionary spirit had taken the day in Mexico, Madero was not a leader capable of rebuilding the country. The result was years of war and chaos as revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries squabbled over pieces of Mexico. After a short retirement, Villa found himself in the thick of the fighting again. First, he fought against his former comrade Orozco when Orozco rebelled against Madero. Then, when Madero was overthrown by Victoriano Huerta, a Diaz-era general whom Madero foolishly allowed to stay in power, Villa, Zapata and others, including Venustiano Carranza and Alvaro Obregon, all rose against Huerta — only to fall to warring among themselves when Huerta was deposed and Carranza seized power. Add to all of this turmoil the brief United States seizure of the port of Veracruz in 1914 to protect U.S. oil interests, avenge a diplomatic slight and blockade German ships carrying guns for the Huerta regime, and it's difficult to imagine order and peace ever returning to Mexico.

Throughout all this, Villa demonstrated the charisma and audacity that made him an internationally famous figure. Men and women throughout the north of Mexico flocked to his camps. His military maneuvers were marked by both courage and cleverness, from the *golpe terrifico* ("terrific blow"), a massive cavalry charge that swept through whole towns, overwhelming the defenders, to tricks such as

the time he invaded the town of Cuidad Juarez by capturing a train and sending a telegram to the town that the tracks had been burned by rebels. The train was ordered back to town, where he and his men promptly spread out and took control of the town without firing a shot. And he didn't use his cleverness against only his enemies — while allied with Carranza, for instance, he was denied the money he needed to supply his army, and promptly set about printing his own until Carranza relented and let him have whatever he wanted. But Villa was a volatile personality, and no one could tell what he would do next. During a meeting with Obregon, Villa flew into a rage and ordered him shot — only to calm down as swiftly as he'd flared up and cheerfully shake the unnerved Obregon's hand.

Villa surprised everybody on March 9, 1916, when he invaded the United States in retaliation for official U.S. recognition of the Carranza government, making the raid on the town of Columbus, New Mexico, that you saw young Indy get caught up in this issue. And, as you also saw this issue, the Americans responded by sending an army into Mexico after Villa, which brings us to that army's commander, General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing.

* * * * *

John J. Pershing, born in Laclede, Missouri, on September 13, 1860, didn't set out to be a soldier — he wanted to be a lawyer. In the years between the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, soldiers were not well-respected — they were generally assumed to be drunkards and misfits. But money was tight, and Pershing couldn't afford college. So when a competitive exam for a position at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point was offered, he jumped at the chance. He took the test and won the position, intending to get a good education at the government's expense and then return to his plans to become a lawyer.

But Pershing thrived at West Point. The hardship of his teen-age years, when his family lost almost everything, had made him a responsible, disciplined and serious young man. Those qualities came in handy at the academy, leading him upward through the ranks to become first captain of the cadet corps and winning him admiration as a dispassionate and firm commander, a reputation he'd keep for the rest of his life. He would never be well-loved, but he was highly respected.

Pershing's first few postings after West Point took him west, where he took part in the long battle against Geronimo's Apache warriors and the fight against the Sioux that ended at Wounded Knee. He distinguished himself not only by his insistence on discipline and obedience, but also by taking time to learn the Apache language so he could communicate with the Indians, something rare in that era.

In 1891, Pershing became a military instructor at the University of Nebraska, a job that most soldiers considered a vacation with pay, since the position demanded very little time. But Pershing made much more of the job than that — he turned the school's moribund military program around so swiftly that in his second year the Nebraska cadets won an interstate drill competition. He volunteered to teach math in addition to military studies, and he found the spare time to enroll in the university's law school and graduate high in his class. He considered leaving the military at that point to become a lawyer, as he'd planned, but ultimately decided against it. By his nature, he was suited to the army.

After a short time back in Indian country, he became an instructor at West Point, where he earned the nickname "Black Jack." You might guess that the nick-name has something to do with the card game or the blunt instrument, but neither is the case. His cadets, irritated with his strict discipline, called him "Nigger Jack" as an insult, a reference to the all-black 10th Cavalry with whom he'd served earlier. The nickname I was later cleaned up, and stuck for the rest of his life. Pershing, who respected the black soldiers he'd served with, was proud of the nickname. He later served with the 10th Cavalry again, during the famous charge up San Juan Hill of 1898, and in later years reminisced with affection about his time with the regiment.

Pershing's respect for other races and cultures was demonstrated further when he was transferred to the Philippines in 1899. The Philippines, in the South Pacific, had been wrested from the Spanish during the Spanish-American War, and the native Moros were rebelling against the American occupation. The prevailing philosophy was that the Moros could only be controlled by brute force, but Pershing thought differently. He studied the Moro customs, their language and their Moslem beliefs and befriended conquered Moros, so he could understand why the Moros acted as they did and how best to maintain peace with the least bloodshed. Though he led several operations against various Moro leaders, his knowledge of their culture enabled him to keep the peace in many situations that threatened to erupt into violence. And his determination to explain rather than brutalize won him the respect of the Moros — the Sultan of Bayan made him the only Christian ever to become a *datu*, a Moslem prince.

Pershing was so successful in the Philippines that President Theodore Roosevelt wanted him promoted. But Pershing was a captain, and the army system of promotion went strictly by seniority. As Commander in Chief, Roosevelt had the power to jump a captain all the way to brigadier general if he chose, but he couldn't give a lesser promotion. So in 1906, after Pershing had served as a member of the newly-formed general staff and as a military attaché in Tokyo during the Russo-Japanese War, Roosevelt made him a brigadier general, partially to reward Pershing and partially to protest the army's hidebound ways.

In 1913, after another tour of duty in the Philippines, Pershing was brought back to the U.S. By this time, the Mexican Revolution was in full swing, and the government wanted a stronger military presence on the border. Tragedy struck shortly thereafter, though — Pershing's wife and three daughters died when their quarters caught fire. Only his son survived. The loss caused Pershing to draw deeper into his strict military manner, making his career his life.

The campaign against Pancho Villa served as a dress rehearsal for World War I, making the army realize how poorly equipped they were to mount, maintain and supply an army even in their own back yard, as it were. And it's a good thing they found out in time to begin reorganizing, because less than two weeks after Pershing withdrew from Mexico the U.S. was at war with Germany.

Pershing was chosen to command the American Expeditionary Force in Europe, and from the start he had two wars to fight. Recruiting and training an army of over one million men and putting it into action against the Germans was only half the battle — Pershing also had to stave off the British and French, who wanted the American soldiers to serve as reinforcements for their own depleted armies and to fight under Franco-British control. It's difficult to overstate the importance of this conflict. World War I was a major historical turning point for the United States, which emerged from the war as a world power. If there hadn't been an American army fighting alongside the British and French armies, but instead only American soldiers under foreign command, credit for the victory would have gone to European commanders, with the Americans relegated to the role of "helpers." Pershing refused to allow this to happen. Americans would retain their national identity, fighting under the U.S. flag and taking full credit for their actions.

Despite Pershing's determined stance, there wasn't much of an American army at all when he got to Europe in May of 1917. It wasn't until September of 1918 that the American army was organized enough to go into battle under its own flag. Before that date, Pershing did allow some American soldiers to fight under foreign command, but he made it clear that this would be a temporary measure only.

When the U.S. Army finally made its debut, at San Mihiel, it was triumphant, routing the Germans from a well-defended position they'd held for three years. The British soldiers and especially the French, who had been fighting and losing a defensive battle for years, were war-weary and suffering from low morale, and the American soldiers' drive, energy and spirit were immediately noted as something remarkable. From then on, there was little talk of subjugating the Americans to Franco-British command. The Americans fought as equals, slogging through the mud of the Argonne and breaking through the Hindenburg line despite extremely heavy casualties. Germany soon sued for peace, and the war ended on November 11, 1918.

Pershing was much honored after World War I. He was named Chief of Staff under President Warren G. Harding, served as America's senior military advisor for years thereafter and was even consulted from time to time during World War II, despite his failing health. He died on July 15, 1948. But his greatest honor came on September 3, 1919, when he was named General of the Armies, the first and only American to hold that rank since George Washington.

Next we come to George S. Patton, another of America's most successful and most honored military men. Born November 11, 1885, Patton had dyslexia, a visual disorder that makes it difficult to read. Since nobody knew what dyslexia was back then, he just thought he was stupid. Haunted by feelings of inadequacy, he strove all his life to change himself, to force himself to fit his mental image of the perfect man. And since Patton came from a long line of Southern military men, the perfect man in his eyes was a soldier.

Patton did not overcome his difficulties easily, but he did overcome them. At West Point, his grades were so poor at first that he had to repeat his first year. But by the time he graduated, he had risen to adjutant of the corps of cadets, performed decently if not spectacularly academically, won athletic honors and surmounted his reading problems to the point where he was able to read extensively in military history through the ages, becoming virtually an expert on the subject.

Patton's hard-driving style, for which he

became famous was evident from the beginning. He tried to excel at whatever he did and to make sure he was noticed by the right people to advance his career. As a young cavalry officer he not only became the first Army officer to hold the title Master of the Sword, but wrote articles arguing so persuasively that the U.S. abandon the curved cavalry saber in favor of a straight one that the new sword, when it was adopted, was built to Patton's specifications and known as the Patton sword. But it was in the area of motorized combat that Patton made the greatest breakthroughs.

It's hard to believe, from today's standpoint, that less than a hundred years ago mounted horsemen were thought to be the most effective combat force, but it's true. George Patton, while he was General Pershing's aide in the chase after Pancho Villa, was the first American to use motorized forces in battle. He and his men, in three cars, were able to take positions around a farmhouse so quickly that the Villistas, on horseback, were unable to escape before being outflanked. Though this issue employs dramatic license to show that battle, in which Patton killed Villa lieutenant Julio Cardenas, happening in a bar, it does show the aftermath correctly — Patton slung the dead Villistas over the fenders like hunting trophies as he motored back to camp.

During World War I, Patton became interested in tanks, which were then a relatively untried new invention, and was chosen to command the first American tank training center. In less than a year, he forged a brigade of tankers that, despite never having been in combat before, performed like seasoned veterans during the American offensive. And Patton commanded his men from the thick of battle, often running through gunfire to exhort his men to push ever forward. Unlike Pershing, Patton formed a personal bond with the men under him. Something about his spirit caught them up in it, and they didn't merely respect him — they would follow him through Hell itself.

Between the World Wars, Patton grew frustrated from lack of action. But he continued to argue the value of the tank, and as war grew near, worked to prepare a motorized American force that could turn back the German blitzkriegs. When America entered the war, he was ready and eager, as always, to fight and prove himself. His ambition to be the best left him frustrated, as assignments he coveted went to other officers. He was regularly in second place — in a supporting role or entering the battle after the initial invasion. But wherever he got a chance, in North Africa, in Sicily, in the invasion of France and at the Battle of the Bulge, he won headlines and dramatic victories with his audacity, his unstoppable drive and his ability to inspire the men who followed him to greatness. By war's end, he may not have gotten the plum assignments he wanted, but he got the greatest compliment a soldier can get — he discovered that the enemy had feared him more than any other Allied general.

Patton died on December 21, 1945, from injuries received in a freak car crash, and in many ways, it was a fitting time for him to go. The war was over, and the Cold War that followed would only have made him bitter and frustrated with its lack of decisive action. He died after his greatest triumph, after he had proved everything he wanted to prove, and he's remembered as one of the greatest combat generals of all time.

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So — what happened with Pershing's pursuit of Pancho Villa after young Indy left, huh? Not that much, to be honest. Pershing had been given a nearly impossible assignment — to invade a country without starting a war. The various Mexican factions may have been killing each other, but one thing they all agreed on was that they didn't want American soldiers in their country uninvited, especially after the events at Veracruz. So Pershing got no cooperation, even from Villa's enemies, and there was constant danger of a full-scale war erupting. Pershing's triumph, such as it was, was handling a lousy job with patience and sensitivity, so he neither made the United States look foolish, nor triggered greater hostilities.

Villa, for his part, continued to harass Carranza, and the Mexican Revolution wound down slowly with a series of assassinations and minor uprisings. Carranza tried to bring social reform to Mexico, but his government was too corrupt and he was eventually deposed and killed. Villa agreed to retire when Carranza's successor, Adolfo de la Huerta, offered him a 20,000 acre ranch and immunity from prosecution. Three years later, Villa too was assassinated. Obregon won the presidency in 1920, and Mexico finally found the leader it had needed. Under him, organized labor thrived, land reforms were instituted and there was a cultural and educational renaissance. In 1924, Plutarco Calles became president, and though there were occasional uprisings for years thereafter (including the assassination of Obregon in 1928), Obregon's reforms were continued, and the main thrust of the Mexican Revolution became a political matter rather than a civil war. At long last, the Mexican people were free of tyranny.